

May We Add Our Congratulations?



Sincerely, we compliment you on your attainment; most cordially wish you success in your plans for the future. Some of you have now completed your high school course and will go on to college -- others of you are moving forward in your high school course. You are striving to reach your GOAL!

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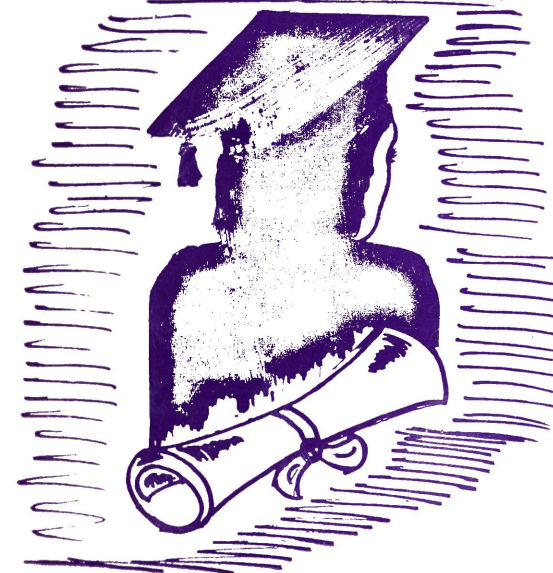
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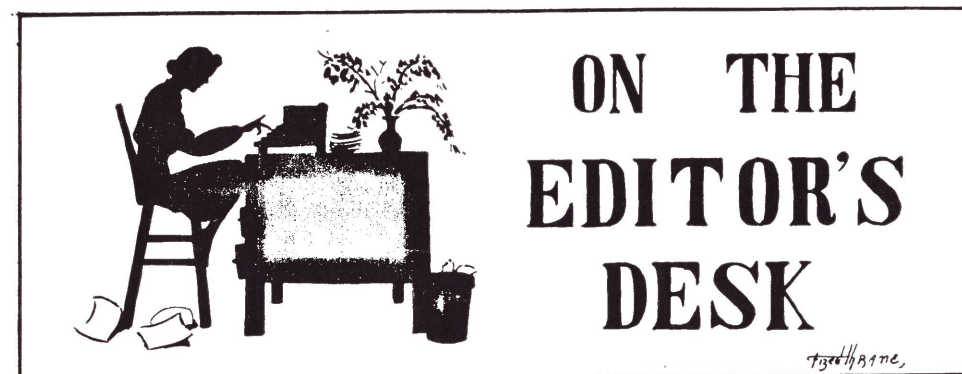


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ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

"We Bear The Torch"

By Alma Rosenfield

THE school year with its pleasant associations, exciting plans, and youthful dreams has passed very swiftly. Soon the long-anticipated summer will be a reality, and pencils and textbooks will be part of the "dim, dark" past. To the junior or sophomore this vacation will be just a breathing spell in the midst of the most important time of his life—important because now are being molded not only an educational background but a character as well. But to the senior it will be a step into a very complex society—a society in which only the fittest attain success. To the senior, whether he plans to attend college or get a job, it is a step into a different world,—a world where the falls will not be cushioned for him, nor the darkness lightened,—a world for which school training alone can not prepare him.

Today's senior must be smarter than his parents before him because the world is more complicated and its problems more urgent. It has survived a war of catastrophic proportions. It could be plunged into another—more terrifying, more cataclysmal, for man has not been resting in his effort to invent horrible weapons of destruction. We, the younger generation, must make the momentous decisions that will determine the actions of nations. We cannot afford to make

a wrong decision; we cannot afford one mistake.

Soon, whether we will or no, we shall be in the seat of authority. We shall elect and become the statesmen who control the country's destiny. We shall become the industrialists who control the country's economy. Are we capable of determining the policy of government of our great democracy? There can be no question in our minds as to our capability. We must have the vision, the strength of purpose, and the determination to see that a stable, sound, and peaceful nation will be handed to our children.

The world is now ruled by hate instead of love, by cruelty instead of kindness. This situation we must not only contend with, but change. Hate will destroy all the good we may achieve by our sound judgment. We must realize that all men are entitled to their opinion, and we must respect that opinion because it is that of a fellow man—a brother in the fight for happiness.

Today we are high school students; tomorrow, the builders of democracy. The seniors are now standing on the threshold of a new experience. We are looking ahead to a better world; and with the optimism of youth, we feel that we shall not fail.

In Memoriam



MR. ARTHUR P. GOODWIN

PITTSFIELD High was saddened last month by the death of Arthur Prentice Goodwin, vice-principal of the school. Mr. Goodwin had served as a mathematics teacher here since 1930, and, in 1935, succeeded his father, William D. Goodwin, as vice-principal. With his passing, the students of the city lost not only a capable instructor and adviser but a friend as well.

Mr. Edward J. Russell, Superintendent of Schools, paid the following tribute:

"With the untimely death of Arthur Prentice Goodwin, there passes from the local educational scene a veritable institution which, through father and son, has meant devotion to the youth of Pittsfield for more than half a century.

"Carrying on in the tradition of his distinguished father, Arthur Goodwin brought to his work a rare combination of talent for administration and insight into the needs of youth. In his administrative duties his guiding principle was service to the best interests of youth, and no amount of administrative details and burdens were too great if they contributed to this goal. Almost until his death, he supplemented his work as vice-principal with classroom teaching, in which he set the highest standards and met with great success.

"He was slow to criticize and quick to praise; he could be gentle in promoting harmonious relations but resolute and determined in standing for what was right. For his lofty ideals and qualities of sympathetic understanding, he was respected by both pupils and associates.

"To his family go the sympathies, not only of every pupil of the Pittsfield High School and every member of the School Department, but of generations of Pittsfield citizens to whom the name of Goodwin is the personification of dedication to the public welfare through education."

Mr. Roy M. Strout, Pittsfield High principal, said:

"Arthur P. Goodwin was a teacher of exceptional ability who was well liked by his pupils and by his associates at Pittsfield High School. Besides his work in the classroom, Mr. Goodwin served as educational adviser for the boys as well as supervisor of boys' attendance. He was largely responsible for preparing the daily schedule of classes, a task requiring both skill and patient application. During the war and after, Mr. Goodwin was adviser to boys about to enter service and to returning veterans who desired to continue their education. In performing all the varied tasks which were his responsibility as vice-principal, Mr. Goodwin, worked quietly preferring always to remain modestly in the background. He will be missed by all at Pittsfield High School."

Jack Strauss, Pittsfield High senior, expressed the sentiment of the student body when he said:

"The flag outside Pittsfield High School was lowered as a tribute to the memory of our vice-principal, Mr. Arthur P. Goodwin. Within the auditorium the students bowed their heads in silent prayer for this wise and unselfish leader. Mr. Strout spoke briefly but touchingly of Mr. Goodwin's service to the school. We shall miss his presence among us but his inspiration will be felt by all whose lives touched his.

"Memory paints for us a vivid picture of our lost friend. He was a man humble and sincere. He loved Pittsfield High pupils, and we loved him, for he was in every way a good leader. In giving us advice, he always spoke from his heart, and the suggestions that he made were sound. To us he will always stand as a reminder of the 'best way'; and we who are the inheritors of his accomplishments say reverently, 'God bless you, Mr. Goodwin, as you have blessed us with your wisdom and goodness.'"

Rededication

By Maureen Vincent

IT is natural that the people of the United States, far-famed for their love of traditions, should have various holidays to commemorate some well-remembered event or custom. But, although a day itself may have an established significance, usually not everyone celebrates it in exactly the same way. Perhaps then, the holiday which most unites Americans in a common desire is Memorial Day.

When we were quite young, we looked forward to Memorial Day as a time when we could stand on a sidewalk and watch a splendid parade march proudly down the street to the accompaniment of numerous loud bands. However, having grown a bit more mature, and being capable of grasping the real meanings of certain things, we have come to realize that Memorial Day is far from being merely a day of parading; it is the one day when we all honor our dead. It is the day when the nation halts its bustling progress in industry, science, and education to pause briefly in reverent silence over the graves of those who have fought and given their lives that we might continue our comfortable existence. Then we realize how important it is that we do honor them as a part of the debt which we owe them.

In addition to paying tribute to the dead on this day, we feel that Memorial Day is a time to rededicate ourselves to help carry out the expectancies of the departed. In the words of the immortal Lincoln, who said, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain," we find the true significance of Memorial Day. While their memories must be preserved within our hearts, it is for us, the living, to work always to make America and the world what they so wished them to be—united and peaceful forever!

Spring Problem

By Edith Butler

OH, no, don't drop that paper! Since spring has arrived many of our students have acquired a tendency to become careless about the appearance of our school grounds. Now the old problem which rises every year at this time is here again—to keep the grounds clean and free of miscellaneous articles carelessly disposed of by the students.

At lunch time students should eat candy bars and other articles in that category inside the building and deposit the wrappers in the containers for waste materials. These containers can be found throughout the building, and they are there for a purpose, not just to be ignored! When taken outside, the wrappers are inevitably dropped upon the ground, on the steps, or in the doorway of the school.

However, wrappers are not the only waste materials visibly adorning our school grounds, for many tests and other papers are discarded here. Although it is an excellent plan to clean out books and notebooks, they should not be cleaned at the expense of the school grounds.

The students are judged to a great extent by the general appearance of the school—favorably or otherwise.

If we think before we dispose of waste articles, a great improvement can take place in the condition of our grounds.

ERRATUM!

Was the editor's face red! We were overcome with embarrassment to discover that we had made a serious error in the April issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN. The photograph of the ski team credited to Mr. George Henzel was actually taken by Mr. Will Plouffe. Our sincere apologies, Mr. Plouffe. Thank you for your fine photograph.

CAROL

By Arlene Cohen

I sat upon a windy hill,
The morn was clear and cold,
I sat and heard a robin trill
A spring song, new, yet old.

I'd heard it many times before
In valley, wood, and hill,
Old to me as gypsy lore
Told in the night so still.

And yet I said 'twas new this time,
'Twas new to me that day.
This song of heaven so sublime
Enriched the sun's bright ray.

It rose above the windy hill
In tone sincere and true;
It rose in tone so sharp and shrill
It pierced the diamond dew.

"Sincere and true, the song of bird,"
I've always heard men say.
Sincere and true, this song was heard,
To bring some hope that day.

NIGHT

By Claire Rosenfield

Night doth shake her sable tresses wild
And smooth with gentle hand her satin gown;
And on the regal head of Phoebe smiles
A jeweled crown.

For blazing Day whose diadem is gold,
Clothed in her silken frock of peerless blue,
Does flee the world when o'er this mortal fold
Comes Night's dark hue.

'And when men's limbs no more day's labor meet,
And into shielding arms the children creep,
She treads the earth with silent, slippered feet,
Too blithe to sleep.

But soon Aurora comes; the stars have fled;
And on the waiting land Apollo peeps;
And tired Night now sinks into her bed;
Sweetly she sleeps.

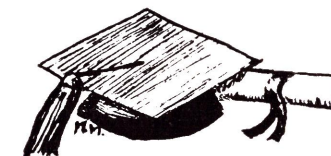
World, Here We Come!

By Emma Jones

IT seems hard to believe that we seniors, only yesterday timid and naive sophomores, are in a few weeks going out into the world to make our names and fortunes. Our brief stay at P. H. S. has served as a practice round before we go forth to make our score in the great game of life.

It will be pleasant, however exciting our future adventures may be, to think back to those days at dear ol' P. H. S.; our care-free sophomore year, the agreeable months we spent as juniors, and those busy and swiftly flying weeks as seniors. So many little things will come to mind: the football and basketball rallies, when the whole school throbbed with excitement (to the tune of one of the band's stirring marches); the dread of "oral topics"; the strange odors emanating from the chemistry labs; the Christmas tree in the front lobby; the mad rush of the hungry mob to the cafeteria at noon; and the friendly spirit that pervades the school; these are but some of the many events that give high school days their happy memories.

But it is all over now. Although we are leaving joyous days behind, the days to come will bring many new experiences, not always pleasant, which will serve as a blast of cold air to harden the steel of our characters. So, full of the vigor and vitality of youth, we depart now to take our places in the swift stream of human events. May we play the game to the best of our ability. World, here we come!



Ah-ah-achoo!

By Ann S. Parnell



SPRIG, sprig, beautiful sprig! It is here again to torment us poor mortals who are the victims of hay fever. Lovely as spring seems to the majority of people, to us it is the forewarning of a siege with our dreaded enemy in whose grasp we can do nothing but avoid all the delightful things in nature—trees, flowers, cats, and dogs. Sometimes even foods torment us!

If perchance you note that our eyes and noses are swollen and red, don't tell us we shouldn't have stayed up so late. Late hours are not the cause of our miserable appearance. We may have been awake all night, but it wasn't because we were out until dawn. Of course, staying up late always makes one have less resistance to fight anything, and hay fever runs true to form.

It was last year that I discovered my weakness. For months I had suffered from what I thought were colds, and I had tried various remedies but to no avail. Then I came to the conclusion that it might be hay fever that had been bothering me all this time. To confirm my suspicions, I got an appointment with a physician. I shall always remember my ex-

perience there. To find out what my allergies were it was necessary to scratch my arms in neat little rows, four across and fifteen down, with the allergens of the various substances that might bother me. My arms resembled newly planted fields. Until the scabs came off, I looked as if I had an extremely methodical rash. As a result of the test, I learned that I had a comparatively mild case of *paroxysmal rhinoirhea* (I really feel sorry for those who have severe cases) and was allergic to most trees and grasses and also to beef. Can you imagine giving up eating a nice, juicy steak merely because your nose gets irritated about it—could it be because my nose is jealous of my stomach? I think that such self-denial is too much to ask, so I eat steak, when and if I can get it, and usually pay the price with my nose as well as to the butcher.

Now I can only stand and sneeze at the lovely green lawns that are so soft under foot,—ideal spots for relaxation, that you, lucky people take for granted. It is so interesting to stop and examine the new young leaves on a tree in the spring, but when I do, my study is rudely interrupted by—achoo! achoo!

INCONSTANCY

By E. Sutor, Jr.

Rolling dunes, rolling sea—
Never still, always free.
And we roll, as the sands, constantly.

Not content to go one way—
We are now sad, we are now gay,
Altering our course each day
As fast as water spiders may.

Changing dunes, changing sea—
Never still, always free
And we change, as the sands, constantly.

Ah! Spring!

By Maureen Vincent

AT last! At last! You know that summer really has come as you alight from the bus in front of P. H. S. on that first really warm day. Cold, fearsome winter is no more. All about you are signs that good weather is approaching; many of those who live at a considerable distance have exercised their pedal extremities (feet, to you) on this lovely morning. The numerous "steadies" who have kept the fires of their love burning by the warm radiators all winter long are basking in the soft breezes as they exchange a last, loving adieu before classes begin. Inside the high school, the teachers are remarking on the balmy weather (no doubt, their anticipations of a long vacation not far off are buoyed up by this fact). Even the algebra teacher in 104 seems to be enjoying himself (without erasers and scoldings) as he throws up the windows to allow the summery air to enter in. All through the day, eyes wander persistently to the tempting out-of-doors beyond the classroom windows. The muscular he-men of the school discuss loudly in the halls whether or not they should go swimming this afternoon. In the locker sections, style-minded females determine to get out their summer wardrobes this very evening, secretly hoping that last year's white dress won't be too short. A more athletically-minded young lady wanders into the cafeteria, full of gay spirits because the bulletin has announced that girls' softball will begin this week.

When the dismissal bell rings, you note that there is little of the dawdling that is characteristic of most students during the frigid winter season; instead, there is a rush to reach the sidewalks and the street, which can only mean that summer is here. Ah yes! what a spell the first warm day can weave about a high school.

HOUN' DOG

By Harry Hovey

I never wrote no poetry,
I never even tried,
But now I write to tell you
That my old houn' dog has died.

He never run a buck-deer,
He was never prone to try;
But he'd run the fox and cottontail,
And make the pa'tridge fly.

He'd run many a snowshoe
And chased coon at night,
And once he got shot in the leg,
But soon ran rabbits all right.

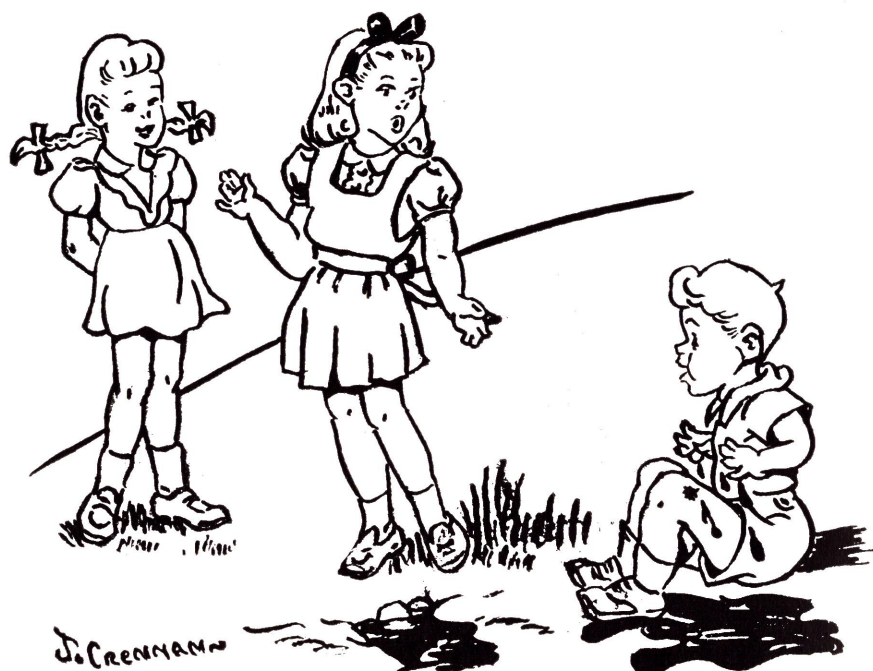
Now he warn't no registered blue-blood,
But still he had his pride,
And he used to howl at the moon at night
As if someone had died.

I sure do miss his howlin',
I miss his wonderful voice;
And none will ever take his place,
For Pal was my only choice.

There's a howlin' in heaven tonight
As Pal runs the ringtail coon,
And his voice rings out so loud and clear,
"He's treed, Bud. Please come soon!"



J. CRENNAN



"Cement Mixer"

By Mary Bonneville

AS my brother Danny and I were making mud pies, I glanced up and saw Bet coming across the street from her house. I was glad to see her because if she played with me I could ignore Danny. After all, hadn't he spoiled my birthday party yesterday? Just because he eats dirt. He can't leave it alone. Mother says every one has to eat a peck of dirt, but I don't think she means every day. Anyway that's why Danny didn't want ice cream—too much dirt had spoiled his appetite. He made such a fuss when Aunt Beth was trying to force the ice cream down him that nobody noticed that I blew out all seven candles at once.

"Hi!" said Bet, "What you doing?"

"Makin' pies," answered Danny, swallowing a spoonful. "Good!"

"Don't pay any attention to him," I said in as nasty a voice as I could. "At least he

couldn't blow out his three candles at once," I thought, somewhat consoled.

"Come over to my house," Bet whispered as she sat down beside me. "We can leave Danny here."

It sounded like a good plan but it didn't work. We reminded Danny that he was forbidden to cross the street; we threatened him with anything we could think of but to no avail. He tagged along.

"Go home."

"No!"

"Mother's calling."

"No!"

Bet and I ran as fast as we could to hide in the garage, but it still was no use. In a few seconds, Danny's brown face peered through the open door.

"You can't play here!" said I with authority in my voice. Disregarding our com-

mands, Danny walked straight to a big bag of grey-looking dust. Before we could say a word, he scooped up a handful and stuffed it into his mouth.

Bet screamed.

Danny seemed startled but none the less defiant.

"Do you know what you've done?"

Danny's eyes grew round and serious, but his chin remained firm.

"You've eaten cement, that's what. You can't ever drink water again! Know why?"

Danny's eyes grew larger, but he silently stood his ground.

"If you drink water, it'll mix with all that cement and dirt! It'll turn into concrete! You'll be a rock! Maybe they'll use you for a sidewalk!"

I could see Danny's lip quiver.

"No," he insisted after he wiped a big lone tear from his cheek.

"No, Bet," I echoed. I didn't want my brother to be a sidewalk even if he had spoiled my party.

"My daddy told me that if you mix cement, dirt, and water, it makes concrete!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"If you say that, I'll go home!"

My saying that made Bet angry, and while Danny and I ran home, she kept yelling, "Danny's going to be a block of concrete!"

Danny was quiet all afternoon, and I knew he was frightened. When he didn't even eat dirt, I was worried.

We both had been thinking about dinner, and after dessert had been served, I held my breath as Mother said, "Drink your water, Danny."

"No!" There were tears in his eyes but his chin was firm.

"Daniel!"

"No!"

"I'm out of patience, young man. Either drink it or go up to your room."

Danny hesitated, but in the end he went as I knew he would.

"He'll be back," prophesied Mother.

"He knows he can't play after dinner if he doesn't drink that water."

Daddy grunted and we ate in silence.

"Daddy, does dirt, cement, and water make concrete!" I crossed my fingers.

"Well, I guess you'd use sand."

"But if a person ate some of each would he turn hard like a sidewalk?"

"No, of course not!" Mother put in. "What questions they ask!"

I was overjoyed. In fact I didn't excuse myself until I was halfway up the stairs. I had to tell Danny even if he was a pest.

When I came back to finish dessert, I could see Mother was angry at me for rushing away, but she couldn't say anything because Daddy was telling her that he could make Danny drink that water. Mother sniffed as Daddy carried the glass upstairs. To say she was surprised when he came down with an empty glass followed by a meek Danny would be an understatement!

"See there! The man to man approach! Isn't that right, fellow?"

Daddy seemed to think everything was fine but Mother hasn't said much at dinner lately. She seems angry about something, but I can't see why she should be. Danny's glass has been empty every night.

PLEA TO POETRY

By Marjorie Munn

Poetry, elusive muse!

Come to Margie, do.

I would dance and laugh and sing

If only I had you.

Poetry, my own dear love,

Must you evade me so?

I need you now—this is no time

To run and hide, you know.

Poetry! Don't get me mad—

I'm in an awful spot

If you don't come here right away

I'm likely to be shot!

Poetry!! Oh no! She's gone!

I'm jilted, scorned, I'm lost!

But I'll get even, Poetry,

No matter what the cost!

The Unwanted Guest

By Edith Butler

STEVE PETERSON was making a futile attempt at studying for a test, but to no avail. It was simply impossible to concentrate on biology when such a tragedy had happened to him. This afternoon he had come home from school in gay spirits, anticipating the most decisive baseball game of the season which was to be played the following day, but now all hopes were shattered. When he had arrived home his mother announced that his aristocratic cousin Cynthia from New York was coming to spend the week end, and, naturally, he was expected to entertain her. It was a matter of either missing the game entirely or having Cynthia accompany him with her irksome questions. Her sister had come the previous year and had shrieked joyfully, as one of the players came in to home plate, that he had made a touchdown! When Cynthia arrived on the evening train she looked equally hopeless. Wearing large horn-rimmed glasses and braces on her teeth and speaking in words of no less than five syllables, she hardly appeared to be one's ideal companion at a baseball game.

Steve tried desperately to discover some process of amusing Cynthia the next day. He debated such possibilities as going to the movies, where she would undoubtedly be inspired to explain the mechanism and history of the motion picture, and staying at home listening to the radio, which might possibly lead to an exciting discussion about the condition of the world today or the rise in her father's stock market shares. After these and all other alternatives had been eliminated, Steve decided that, after all, the baseball game would be the best prospect.

At the ball park, Steve, preparing to prevent a large percentage of annoying questions, informed Cynthia, "Look, I realize that there are, well, a few things you don't

understand about this game, and, uh, there are nine players on the team—"

"What's the matter with that umpire? 'Safe,' he says, 'Safe'?! Oh, no! Is he blind? Anyone can see that player's out by a mile!" Cynthia interrupted brusquely.

Steve was astounded. How did Cynthia even know what an umpire was?

"Ohhhh! The pitcher made a balk. I'm quite sure that he faced the batter and started to wind up before he threw the ball to first to prevent somebody from stealing a base. Now each man on base can take the next base. Oh, gosh, that surely didn't escape the umpire's vision," Cynthia explained.

Steve stared at her in utter amazement, his mouth actually sagging. It was too incredulous. Where could Cynthia possibly have gained such a knowledge of baseball? She certainly hadn't in her mother's ultra social group. Why she knew about more technicalities of baseball than he. But where she got her information didn't bother Steve. He settled down to a pleasant afternoon with Cynthia and baseball.



Priceless Possession

By Earl Suitor

THIS is dedicated to the multitude—the multitude that I have used.

This individual that now nobly assists me is one of that multitude. It is the kind gift of a kind friend. Without it I am lost in the great battle for knowledge. I therefore cling to this individual as a supporting raft in the tempestuous sea of learning. It is a necessity.

Like us human beings, this necessity has an encased soul. It also has a correcting element attached, although my present one is minus this and corrections can be made only by redoing. Its exterior has character. Each nick and mar gives to it distinct individuality. Why, I'd even go so far as to say that this noble creation of man, the Pencil, has personality! And faithful—it never runs dry just at the crucial moment. Certainly, it may break, but our worthy forefathers thought of everything and you'll find a sharpener in the corner of nearly every classroom.

Many are the times when the following has occurred:

"Pst, Earl, got 'n extra pencil?"

"Sorry, only one."

Nod of "thanks just the same."

"Pst, Joe, got 'n extra pencil?"

This continues until the seeker finds some rare and extraordinary person with two or more pencils, for one *must* have a pencil. There are notes to be gotten, assignments to be written, tests to be taken, and they all require a pen or pencil. The former is useless in a school which is practically void of ink.

Bravissimo the machine age! Bravissimo the mechanical pencil! "A priceless treasure is a good mechanical pencil, but a plague indeed is a faulty one."* You turn and turn

* from Suitorfucius

but still no lead: you try to write, and scratch instead! Ah, well, some of them are sturdy and useful.

P. H. S.'ers—praise to Allah that we have a rather chilly climate. Yes, thank the stars that it's too cold here for those Crayon Devorant Birds which pester the warmer climes. Oh, what devastation they leave in their wake! I once knew of a school in Wango, South Congo (the homeland of the Crayon Devorant Bird) that was attacked one night by these monsters. The next morning there wasn't a pencil to be had! Students couldn't write their exercises (no ink, all dried up); the teachers couldn't write their "orders of the day" (no typewriters, all melted) so finally everything had to be done with printing presses (especially insulated). You can by this see what would happen to us if we were ever to be deprived of our priceless possession—the Pencil.

But eventually to even the luckiest of mortals comes a day when his treasure is mislaid and then it's "Hey, Mack, got 'n extra pencil?"

SIGN OF SUMMERTIME

By Emma Pettit

It is a sign of summertime
When birds remind one of a chime;
When buds are coming on the trees
And folks are down upon their knees,
And with the seeds and hoes and such
They give the earth the tend'rest touch.
They know that when the seed is in,
Its growth will there and then begin.
The sun is giving warmer light
And everywhere is seen a sight
So radiant as to make one say,
"I see that summer's on the way."

Sapphire Waters

By Emma Jones

IN spring, a young man's fancy may turn gently to thoughts of love, but many of us find our minds turning abruptly to consideration of the joys and happy days ahead which spring brings on wings of her long-awaited visit.

Is there a spot where one could more easily enjoy the beauty of new life, the birds' songs, and the golden sunshine, than at Pontoosuc Lake? Though charming in its own way at all seasons, its loveliness seems greatest in late spring and early summer.

To amble along the lake's shores in the cool of a summer morning is one of the joys of living. The whirr of the birds overhead, the fragrance of the flowers and ferns, and the silence of the fisherman on the water give the whole region a halycon calm. The sturdy peak of Mount Greylock in the distance, the graceful curves of Constitution Hill on the north, and rugged Potter Mountain on the west lend a feeling of strength to the viewer of this delightful scene. On a Sunday afternoon, perhaps twenty-five sailboats can be seen skimming across the lake, with their white sails like huge alabaster birds as they fly in the bright sunlight. Many people think the lake most beautiful at eventide, when the setting sun in the west covers the lake with a hazy orange filament, and the softly falling shadows of night lend an air of mystery to the scene. Then, as the moon rises gracefully over the water, the voices of the hapless Indian lovers, Moon-keek and Shoon-keek, may be heard along the lake shore whispering the love words of their tribe.

God has given us a beautiful world, free of all charge except to keep it as lovely and clean as He made it. We are fortunate that we have in our own city one of His most beautiful creations, the lake of the sapphire waters, Pontoosuc.

RETROSPECT

By Claire Rosenfield

With hoary head bowed down by age's pain,
With weary feet yearning for solace and rest,
With wrinkled brow by all the seasons
blessed,
An old man turned his thoughts to youth
again;
He clutched with gnarled hand his ancient
cane,
And in his eye a glittering tear suppressed
As from the smouldering embers in his breast,
There rose a sigh for years not lived in vain.

Straight as a reed nourished by summer's rain,
The boy upon the stairway stood apart
With eyes that seemed as bright as stars
ablaze
And head thrown back with firmness and
disdain,
And from the surging fires within his heart,
There rose a hope for things beyond his gaze.

GRADUATION

By Alma Rosenfield

The verdure of the wakening earth is fed
By snows that fade before the genial rays
With which Apollo sets the morn ablaze,
As sprightly Spring from off a wintry bed
Raises high into the air her tousled head,
And then the patience of the world repays
By racing o'er the newly-blossomed ways,
Dropping where e'er she goes an emerald
thread.

As Spring arises from her couch of sleep
To change the raiment of the barren land,
So we from out our youthful shelter leap
To greet life's burdens with a ready hand.
We too can spread upon the fields we rove
Fibers to fill a troubled realm with love.

In Appreciation

By Alma Rosenfield

WITH the end of the school year also comes the end of my term as editor of THE PEN. The knowledge that I have worked for the last time with the faithful people on THE STUDENT'S PEN makes me sorry that I am graduating. I wish to thank all those that made this year so pleasant and so memorable.

Miss Pfeiffer, whose understanding and effort are THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Mr. Hennessey, who kept the law from our door by his keen knowledge and excellent judgment as far as business is concerned.

My sister, Claire, who not only skillfully managed her staff, but helped me with mine also.

Earl Sutor, whose humorous essays brightened the close of many a day.

Americo Contenta, whose camera has given us unforgettable glimpses of our school and our friends.

James Crennan, who not only drew many clever illustrations for THE PEN, but who expertly handled the Exchange Department also.

Grace Halsey, who kept us so well supplied with short stories.

Giuliano Giusti, for keeping us informed about the happenings in Vocational.

Margaret Kelly, who, with her hard-working assistants, kept P. H. S. posted on the "news of the day."

Fred Tregaskis, whose humor gave us that section of the magazine that everyone reads first.

James Dillon, James Cederstrom, and Jason Reder, whose excellent sports articles kept alive the thrills of Pittsfield High's athletic contests.

Gloria Di Pietro, for giving us a new and improved section on girls' sports.

Marjorie Munn and her art staff, for brightening the pages of THE PEN with their original drawings.

Ella Dizenzo and Barbara Rosa, who did not let us forget P. H. S. alumni for one moment.

Mary Bonneville, whose charming and human stories have been a source of entertainment to all.

Maureen Vincent and Edith Butler, who, by their writing skill, never let us down when a deadline was reached.

Mr. Root, our printer, and Mr. Gilson, our engraver, who always greeted me with a smile no matter how much I pestered them.

Both the Literary and the Business staffs of THE PEN, who worked so faithfully to make their magazine what it is.

Thank you all again for a wonderful year.

* * * * *

Staff Note: To Alma herself go the good wishes of the entire staff. It has been a pleasure to work with her, for no one could be a more gentle, considerate superior or a more inspiring leader. Publishing THE STUDENT'S PEN is not an easy task, but it has been made a pleasant one by our editor, Alma Rosenfield.



WHO'S WHO



"BURNSEY"

Students, meet James Burns. This likable senior has been given the great responsibility of making the Senior Prom a big success. Besides being chairman of the Prom, Jimmy is a member of the Student Council and chairman of the Class Will Committee of the Yearbook. When asked what his plans after graduating were, he said, "Probably the navy." Good luck, Jimmy!

"NURSIE"

This pert senior seen dashing around the corridors of P. H. S. answers to the name of "Kel", but getting down to facts, her name is Mary Kelley. "Kel" has a full schedule as she is chairman of both the cafeteria committee and invitations committee for the Senior Prom, a member of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, and on the Student Council.

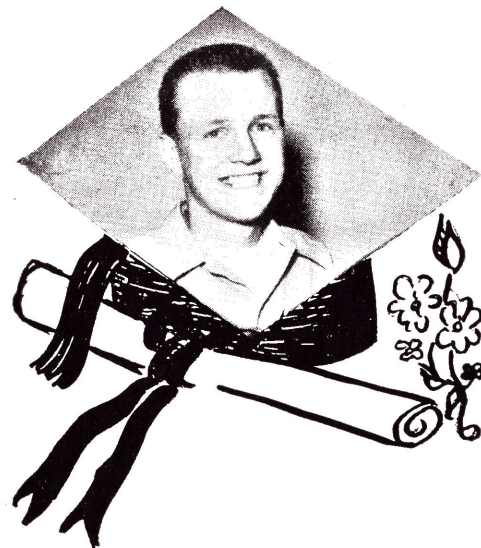
Her ambition?—"Kel" wants to be a nurse, and she'll cure all her patients with her sparkling personality.



CAPTAIN

You have all seen this popular and energetic senior around P. H. S.—his name, Walter Creer. In addition to leading the baseball team and being an outstanding catcher, Walt was an able guard on our basketball team. He was also chairman of the Christmas decorating committee.

In addition to his athletic activities, Walt is a gourmet. He's especially fond of roast beef and apple pie. From observing the grand job Walt has done on sports in Pittsfield High we think we can safely predict his success in the future.

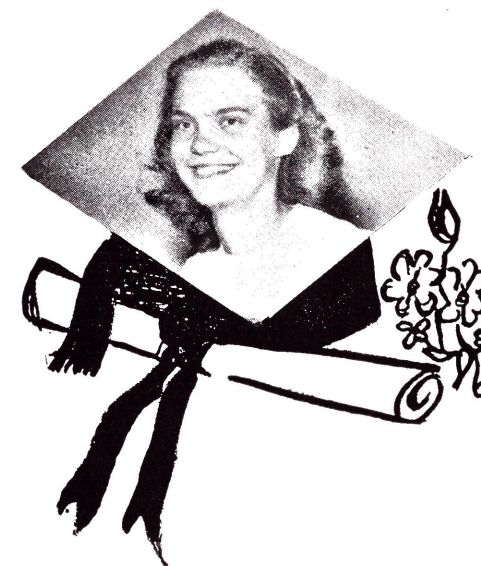
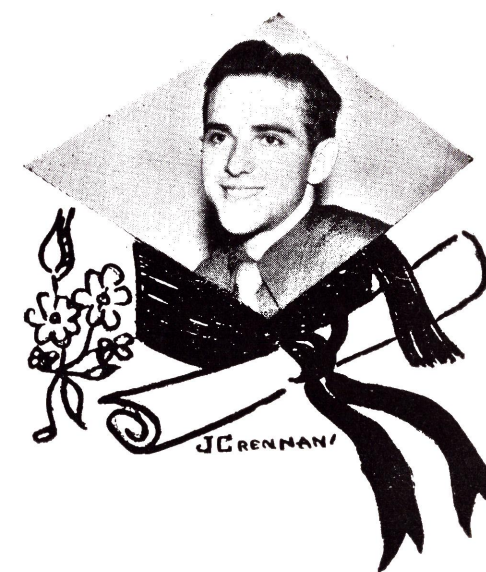


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COUNCIL PRESIDENT

This is Jim Calnan, prominent senior and recently elected councilman-at-large in our student government program. Jim's one ambition is to make a million dollars, but seeing that his pastime is sleeping and his pet peeve is getting up, he may lose out. He is a member of the Class Will Committee and is on the Decoration Committee of the Senior Dance. Given his choice of sports, he picked football. Here's to your million, Jim!



"KATISKA"

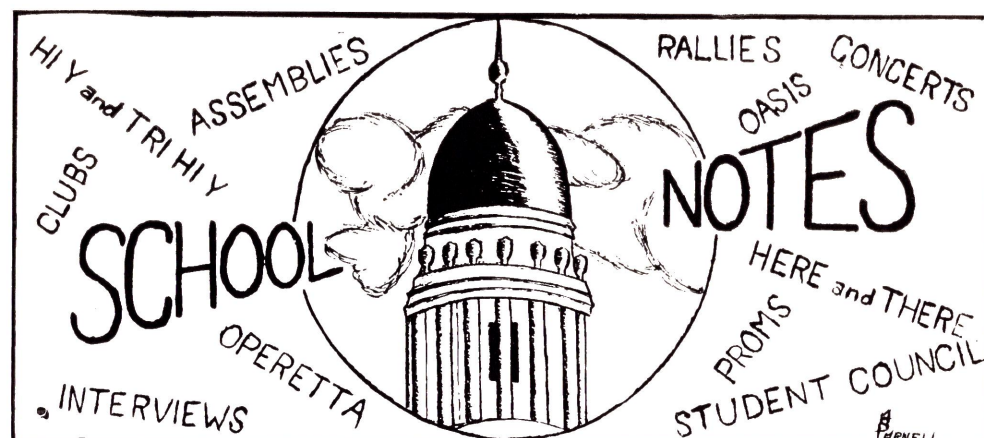
Meet our successful operetta star, Betty Jensen. For three years Betty has had a lead in the school operettas. She is also on the executive committee of the Oasis and is a member of the Girls' Glee Club. Her favorite dish is scallops and her pet peeve is people who misspell her last name. Betty, who is going to enter Bucknell College, plans to become a doctor.

TRIGGER

During the three years that Fred Tregaskis has attended P. H. S., he has been a very busy student. He has been on the Oasis, Junior Prom, and Senior Prom music committees, and he is also editor of the humor column in THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Fred is fond of music and "relaxation." His pet peeve is Stan Kenton records. Come September, Fred hopes to attend college and major in personnel work.





Margaret Kelly, School Notes Editor
Giuliano Giusti, Vocational Editor

Assistants—Mary Kelley, Elaine Morrier, Emma Jones, Laura Stoskin, Jean MacDonald, Jean Krook, Marion Walsh, Ella Diczno, Marion Najimy, Marilyn Garrity, Joyce Gasper, June Gaviorno, Barbara Rosa, Elaine Paduano, Betty Bianchi, Robert Jordan.

SENIOR PROM

What? The Senior Banquet and Prom.

Where? The Hotel Sheraton and P. H. S. Gym.

When? June 17, 1948.

The Prom chairman is James Burns, while Margaret Kelly is chairman of the Banquet. Their committees are as follows: Invitation Committee: chairman, Mary Kelley, Catherine Komuniecki, Patricia Legge, Nancy Federico, Roxane Weaver. Ticket Committee: chairman, Marilyn Garrity, Joan Dennison. Table Decorating Committee: chairman, Rosemary Fiorini, Madeline Durado, Barbara Dunham, Fanny Foffe, Nancy Dallmeyer, Barbara Farrell.

Banquet Speaking Program Committee: chairman, Dominic Diczno, Alice Cowley, Barbara Galletly, Daniel Ladopoulos, Rinaldo Del Gallo, Jay Gardner.

The Banquet Speaking Program is:

Toast to the Girls	Simon Daniels
Toast to the Boys	Ellene Meyer
Toast to the Athletics	Barbara Dunham
Toast to the Faculty	William Colbert

CLASS DAY

The Class Day Chairman is Barbara Stickles. This year at the tree planting

ceremony, the Class of 1948 will have Anthony Gallo as its speaker. Those assisting Barbara with the program are Wilma Boling, Edward Byrde, Margaret Clark, John Flynn, Edward Fogarty, Richard Hamilton, Harry Hovey, Carolyn Liparace, Marion Pincu, Sheila Rohan, John Sawick, Earl Sutor, Eileen Zimmel. The Class Day program will be June 15th.

JUNIOR PROM

Parachutes suspended from the ceiling along with flowers were the decorations used at the Class of 1949's Junior Prom. This social event was held on the evening of May 21, in the school gym. Sammy Vincent's orchestra played for dancing, and what a wonderful time everyone had! Many beautiful gowns were seen, and the colors blended perfectly with the fresh flowers which decked the gym. The many committees are to be thanked for a memorable evening.

Norma Carosso and Paul Bousquet, were co-chairmen of this event and the following were assistants: John Coughlin, Mary Delaney, Russ Peaslee, Verne Goodwin, Joan Sullivan, Constance Douillet, Diana Fink, Nancy Knoblock, Charles Brownlee and Louis Marchetti.

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"SMALL SEAL" SPEAKS

A lecture concerning information, folk stories, and music from Alaska, was given by Nutchuk, an Eskimo who spoke on "Return From the Smoky Sea." A March speaker, Nutchuk, who was a concert pianist for seven years, played his own version of "Chopsticks" and also some Russian and Eskimo lullabies. Some very beautiful Christmas Carols from Russia and Greenland were also played. An Eskimo fairy tale, complete with a wicked old woman, a giant eagle and a beautiful young girl proved very thrilling and was indeed the high light of the lecture. Nutchuk informed his audience that in Eskimo language, his name means "a small seal."

ARMY BAND

A band concert consisting of classical, popular, and martial music, was given by The Army Ground Forces band under the direction of Captain Chester E. Whiting, on the afternoon of March 12. Several Cole Porter songs were played, along with the "William Tell Overture" and "Oklahoma." A novelty which consisted of several white gloved soldiers, complete with drums and drum sticks was the act most enjoyed, especially when the soldiers began throwing the drumsticks at one another much to the delight of the audience.

SKY LANES

An April speaker was Cleveland Grant, who spoke on the migration of birds and other animals in a very interesting program. Colored movies were also shown. The most beautiful of scenes in the movies was one which showed thousands of snow geese returning north. So many of them were to be seen that the sky looked like a great northern snow field.

The students paid a dime to attend this lecture, and all proceeds went to the school CARE committee.

CANCER ESSAYS

Sophomores at Pittsfield High recently wrote five hundred word essays on these three topics: "Guarding Against Cancer," "Conquering of Cancer," and "The American Cancer Society." The school library and the Berkshire Athenaeum had special reference material for the student essayists. Miss Madeline F. Pfeiffer, head of our English department, had charge of the contest. The students with the three top essays were awarded cash prizes the week of April 26. This contest was sponsored by the Berkshire County Cancer Committee.

TRI-HI-Y CLUBS

The Tri-Hi-Y clubs have been busy with the planning of their annual banquet and the coming elections for next year's officers.

On April 9, under the chairmanship of Alice Cowley, Zeta held successfully their "Blue Jean Jump" with round and square dancing.

Sigma has been busy with swimming parties and speakers. They have been exceptionally busy with their "Spaghetti Supper."

A movie party, swimming party, and the talk on "Beauty" by Rose Phillips has been the schedule for Gamma.

Delta defeated Alpha in their annual basketball game by a score of 24-12. Delta held a cover dish supper which everyone enjoyed very much.

Outstanding on Alpha's calendar was a talk by Miss Parker on the topic "The Future Generation." As a fund-raising activity, Alpha held a successful food sale.

Si Daniels: How come you like bananas so much?

Dom Diczno: They've got "a peel."

And then there was the fellow who kept running around the top of a cracker box because it said "Tear around the top." Track man, no doubt.

National Boy and Girl Week

The first city elections for students currently studying U. S. History in P. H. S., came to a climax with Charles A. Barris, Jr., a junior in the vocational department, being elected student mayor. He announced a free dance for all U. S. History students, if elected. It was held April 29th at the Y. M. C. A., which sponsored the youth-and-government program. Barris said he would do all in his power to secure the badly needed uniforms for the high school band. His opponent in the primaries, Simon Daniels had, as his platform: "Better facilities and more programs for youth." Daniels, who was top man in the primaries by 90 votes, was defeated by Barris, mayor-elect, by 61 votes. The local newspaper carried an election extra on April 12th, when the elections were held.

Others who were elected were Joan Tierney, City Clerk, who defeated David Welch by a large margin; George (Peaches) Leonard, who topped the field of eight for council-at-large, with James Calnan close behind. Leo Fiorini and Richard Weisse followed. There was one complication, Eleanor Lynch and Spencer Smith tied in Ward 5, each having 27 votes. In a special election held later, Spencer Smith was the successful candidate.

Other election results were as follows: Councilmen, Ward 1—Charles Milne; Ward 2, Frank Palma; Ward 3, Joyce White; Ward 4, Joan Dennison; Ward 5, Spencer Smith; Ward 6, Harry Hovey; and Ward 7, Edward Byrdey. Those elected for School Committeemen were: Ward 1, Charles Carosso; Ward 2, Florence Loynes; Ward 3, Marjorie Harrington; Ward 4, Elizabeth Jensen; Ward 5, William Durham; Ward 6, Jack Strauss and Ward 7, Barbara Discoe.

On April 20th the student officials of the City Government attended the regular

City Council meeting. They elected James Calnan as their Council president. In the same system used by the regular council, Reverend Henry Allen of St. Mary's Church gave the invocation and the student group was sworn into office.

After Student Mayor Barris had given his inaugural address, he announced his appointments, which were as follows:

Welfare Commissioner, Simon Daniels; Advisory Board, Selma Garbowitz, Catherine Komuniecki, Joseph Handler, Mary Kelly, Anthony Gallo, Earl Sutor, Jr., and Alma and Claire Rosenfield; Superintendent of the City Infirmary, Dominic Discenzo; City Bacteriologist, David Welch; Health Commissioner, Edward Strauss; Tax Collector, William Colbert; Fire Chief, Francis Hibbard; Building Inspector, Rene Moser; Plumbing Inspector, George Cullen; Chief of Police, Gerald Kemble; Superintendent of Buildings, Charles R. Somerville; City Treasurer, Vivian Traversa; Veterans' Service Commissioner, Ayres Booth; Secretary to the Mayor, Bina Gibbs; and Auditor, Al Leslie.

On April 28, Pittsfield High School participated in a student parade in recognition of National Boy and Girl Week. This parade, with George C. Childs as marshal began at the high school, proceeded up East Street to First Street, thence along First Street—where it picked up the junior high pupils, who had gathered on the Common,—as far as Melville Street. From Melville Street the parade went down North Street and Bank Row past the reviewing stand on which were stationed the student government officials as well as Mayor Capeless, Superintendent Russell, and interested citizens.

John T. Carmody had charge of the organization of the sixteen hundred marchers from high school.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Once again a Vocational boy has taken the lead. In the elections of the United States History students Charles Barris was elected to the office of Mayor of Pittsfield for the youth-and-government program. Everyone in the Drafting Department was happy to see him win.

On April 27th, the Pittsfield Vocational School held its annual Open House. Ever since the beginning of the Vocational School, about ten years ago, it has held this program to show the taxpayers how their money is being spent. It also gives employees who are thinking of hiring graduates an opportunity to see how boys are trained in specific fields. All the boys possible took part in the event and helped make it the success that it has always been. Many people were impressed to see how able and how cautious the boys were as they worked at the different machines.

On most occasions we like to praise the Vocational boys, but in this case, concerning THE STUDENT'S PEN, we are rather disappointed. We're sure that the boys know that there is a special place in THE PEN for the Vocational Department, but not many boys pay any attention to it. There should be, beyond a doubt, more boys representing the Vocational Department on Vocational News. We feel there should be at least one boy from every department. This year there are but two boys on Vocational News. We hope next year the boys will acknowledge the fact that they have a section of THE PEN in which to tell about their various activities in Vocational. Join the staff, boys, and write about your department.

RADIO DRAMATICS CLUB

No organized meetings of the Radio Dramatics Club have been held, but on May 4, several members of the group went to station WBEC to assist in the recording of the scripts which they had written.

THE CAMERA CLUB

An enjoyable evening was had at the Kanter Studio, April 15, by the members of the Camera Club. Mrs. Bates, who is the receptionist to Mr. Sydney Kanter, explained to the members what kind of work she must do. Mr. Kanter talked on the different points of lighting and the art of retouching a picture, after which refreshments were served.

The Camera Club members wish to extend their thanks to all those who have cooperated with them. Special thanks go to Mr. James Conroy, the adviser of the club, to the Udel and Kanter Studios, and Sterling PhotoService.

The club has ended its year by sponsoring a "Pupil's Photo" contest with the prize of ten dollars to the one who contributed the best spring picture.

CAREER CONFERENCES

During the week of March 29, the Guidance Department, under the direction of Mr. Charles Murphy, sponsored a series of career conferences to help P. H. S. students in selecting their life work. A total of thirty-four conferences was held, with all but two of the speakers coming from outside the school. All of the sessions were well attended, but the ones on army, navy, and engineering proved most popular with the boys, and a large number of girls attended the meetings on nursing and modeling. "Finding Your Life Work," a background film, was shown to the entire student body several days prior to the conferences.

If time permits, Mr. Murphy hopes to conduct a conference for seniors on the employment outlook in Pittsfield. He plans also to hold a series of field trips to various industries in the city.

We are grateful to Mr. Murphy and the speakers who gave so generously of their time to inform us of the advantages and disadvantages of various careers.

THE ORCHESTRA CONCERT

On the evening of April 1 the High School Orchestra presented a program that pleased a large audience both by its variety and musicianship.

The soloists of the evening were David Powell and James Edmonds. The efforts of both soloists were well received, Powell being heartily applauded for his trumpet playing and Edmonds for his piano solos.

The program follows:

Overture: The Secret Marriage Cimarosa
Concerto in A minor for Piano and

Orchestra Grieg

1st Movement: Allegro Molto

James Edmonds

A. Danse de la Fee Dragee Tschaiikowsky

B. Danse Russe Trepak

From "Nut Cracker Suite"

Concerto in E flat Major for
Trumpet and Orchestra Haydn

A. Andante B. Allegro

David Powell

Carmen Suite No. 2 Bizet

A. March of The C. Toreador Song

Smugglers D. Guard Mount

B. Habanera E. Gipsy Dance

Waltz: Tales from the Vienna Woods
Strauss

Mr. Gorman's able direction was apparent in the smoothness of the orchestra's rendition of the "Carmen Suite."

CHORAL CONCERT

On May 14, the Glee Clubs under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman presented the annual choral concert.

The first portion of the program was given by the one hundred sixty girls of the Girls' Glee Club, accompanied by Jean Travers. They sang "Gipsy Song" by Bizet, "Morning Song" by Massenet, "O'er the Summer Tide" by Delibes, "Moonlit Meadows" by Czibulka, "Pilgrim's Chorus" by Wagner, and "Last Night" by Kjerulf, with Elizabeth Jensen as the soloist.

During the second part, the recently organized Boys' Glee Club, accompanied by James Edmonds, sang several selections. They were "Stars of the Summer Night" by Woodbury, "Aura Lee", "Massa Dear" by Dvorak, and "My Mammy's Voice" by Loomis. For the first time since the war, the boys had their own glee club, and it is hoped that this group will be the basis for a larger club next year.

In the final part of the program, the cast of the "Mikado" sang several selections from that ever popular operetta.

THE BAND CONCERT

On June 4 the High School Band will present their annual concert. The program follows:

March: U. S. Field Artillery Sousa

Overture Carillon Hildreth

Trombone Solo: Friendship Harris

George Maynard

Selection from "The Chocolate Soldier"

O. Strauss

Duet: Serenade

Till

Wilson Barnes

Paul Bousquet

Overture: Rienzi Wagner

Waltz: Wine, Women and Song Strauss

Exhibition by the Majorettes

March: El Capitan Sousa

THEY'RE IN

Many college preparatory seniors are on the anxious seat these days waiting to see what news the postman will bring. However, these lucky students can sit back and relax for they have already been accepted by the college of their choice: Marilyn Garrity and Margaret Kelly, St. Rose College; Joan Holleran and Joan Tierney, Our Lady of the Elms; Leona Gale, Marjorie Harrington, and Barbara Galletly, University of Massachusetts; Roxane Weaner, George Washington University; Fred Tregaskis, Lincoln Memorial University.

CHITTER - CHATTER

By Delores Bernardo

"Bobo" Quadrozzi will never learn the correct prices in the cafeteria, will he?

Say, Verne, where do you get all the beautiful sweaters? Must be that James Edmonds is knitting them for you.

Dorothy Smith, Charles Milne, and Claire Rosenfield deserve a word of praise for their splendid work in receiving Pepsi Cola certificates for high scholarship rating. Good work!

We hear that George Flint is doing fine in the driving course. Is this rumor true, George?

The "new look" is blossoming out all over the school and most of the boys have to admit that it's not so bad after all. Soon the ever popular loafers will be replaced by high button shoes!! It's a fact, girls!

When will a certain senior learn not to park his car in front of a "no parking" sign? Thought nobody knew about it, huh?

Now that the sophomores have finished writing their five hundred word essays on Cancer, a few hundred fingers are on their way back to normal after being cramped and swollen. Oh well, such is life!

James Edmonds certainly doesn't lack any school spirit. Have you seen his "purple and white" sweater? Fight, team, fight!!!

Heard that Harry Hovey was top answer man on the "Quick As A Flash", program held recently. Maureen Vincent and James Dillon also did quite well. Congratulations to all of you.

On Easter Monday, P. H. S. smelled like a florist shop. The reason? Why just hundreds of girls sported beautiful corsages.

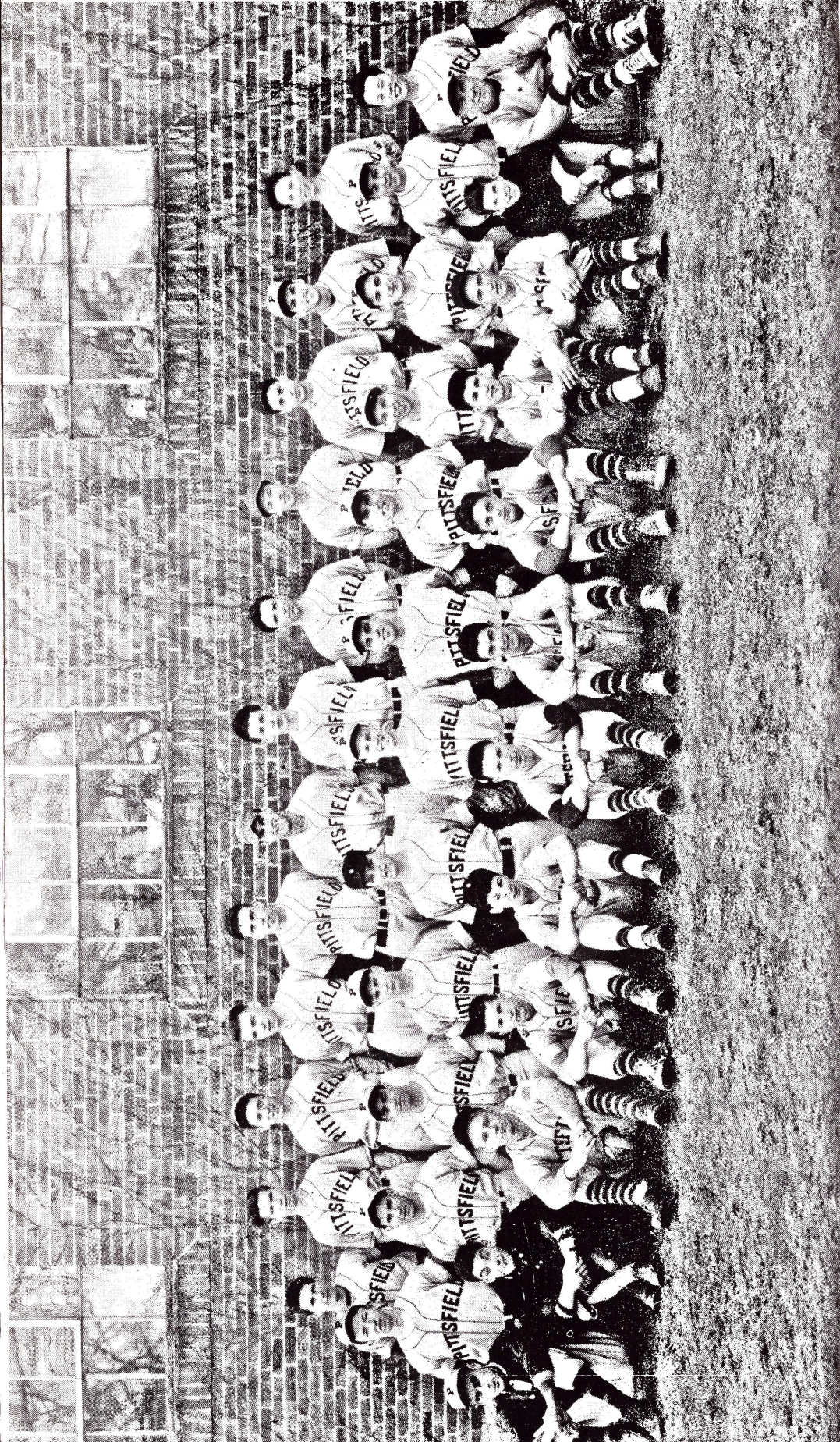
The Junior Prom must have been a huge success. So many people are still walking around the halls with their heads in the clouds.

I guess that's all for now, folks. See you in September.

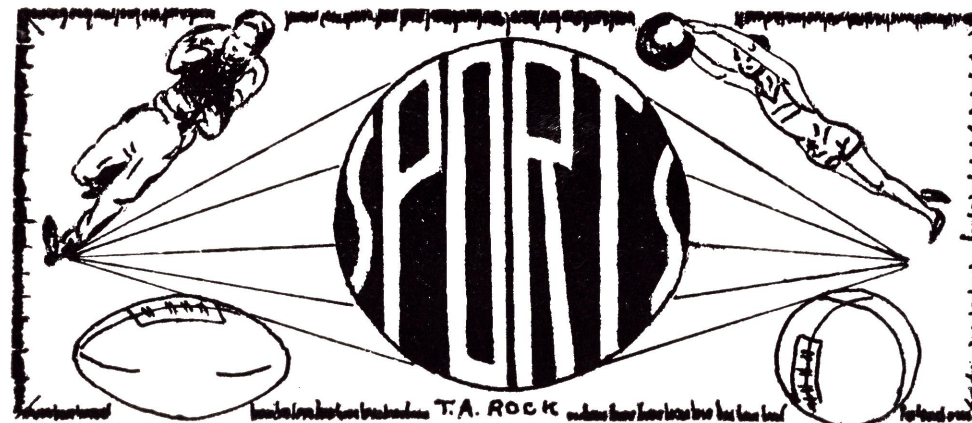


MEET THE FACULTY

Here is someone who is probably known to everyone in P. H. S., but to those who have not made her acquaintance we take great pleasure in introducing Miss Helene M. Millet. Miss Millet, who is a teacher of French at her old Alma Mater, is also a graduate of Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. She attended the Sorbonne in Paris, France, and McGill University in Montreal, Canada, where she took graduate courses. She is at present working for her Master's degree at New York State College for teachers in Albany. Miss Millet is the junior class adviser and the junior girls' councilor. She also assists in the makeup for the operettas. Before coming to P. H. S., Miss Millet taught for one year at Plunkett Junior High School. She enjoys seeing something new and different whenever possible, and she also likes to make desserts which she takes great pleasure in eating. She has no pet peeves, which probably accounts for her many friends among both teachers and pupils. Miss Millet particularly enjoys being a teacher at Pittsfield High, which is an enjoyment shared by everyone.



1948 BASEBALL TEAM
 Front Row—J. V. Coach Hickey, Assistant Manager Reder, Hart, Ferdyn, Sheran, Krieger, Scidel, Massimano, Zavattaro, Lavelle, Manager Bowlby, Coach Fox
 Middle Row—McMahon, Arpante, Troy, Gregory, Shields, Captain Creer, Pucko, Carpenter, Turner, Russo, Pyra, Murray
 Back Row—Karakiewicz, H. Shepard, J. Shepard, Ross, Murphy, Perrone, Quadrozzi, Flynn, Stumpek, Diamond, Sacchetti, Stewart



DRURY SURPRISES PITTSFIELD

by Jim Cederstrom and Jay Reder

William "Red" Bakey, fifteen-year-old junior from Drury, completely subdued P. H. S. on May 3 at Wahconah Park, while his mates took full advantage of Pittsfield's three errors, scoring a run for each. So superb was Bakey's work on the mound that he allowed but two hits, singles to third by McMahon in the second and Creer in the seventh. Bakey struck out ten and walked one, while Dick Pucko fanned nine, walked two, and issued one wild pitch. Drury's initial run came in the third inning on Dick Lefebre's single, Art Thibert's sacrifice, and Win Gregory's two base error on "Biggie" Cooperson's single. Drury put the game on ice in the sixth when they notched two more runs. Pittsfield's only threat was in the second. McMahon's single and an error by Konopka on Bud Turner's grounder put men on second and third. But things went awry for the home fans when Don Carpenter, attempting a squeeze bunt, popped up to Bakey, who pegged to third completing a double play.

Pittsfield had no runs on two hits and three errors; Drury had three runs on five blows and committed two blunders.

P. H. S. 9—LENOX 3

By Dick Harrington

Superior pitching by Bobby Murray and wonderful support at the plate brought Pittsfield a victory over Lenox school at Lenox on April 28.

Second baseman Don Troy laced a long

homer to left with the bases loaded for the most outstanding hit of the day. He also belted a double; Win Gregory tripled and singled. Also singles were made by Turner, Murray, and Creer.

Bobby Murray gave up only nine hits and walked one. Lenox took a two run lead in the first, which P. H. S. matched and surpassed in the third, 3-2. The game was on ice for P. H. S. when they came through with a six run rally in the sixth.

PITTSFIELD COMPLETELY OUTCLASSES WILLIAMSTOWN

by Jim Cederstrom and Jay Reder

On April 24th, Pittsfield High's baseball squad defeated an inexperienced Williamstown team by the score of 20 to 0. Pittsfield had twenty runs on nineteen hits and made no errors, while Williamstown collected six hits and had sixteen miscues. Dick Pucko, outstanding right-hander, started on the mound for Pittsfield but was removed at the end of the first inning because of a sore arm. Jack Shields, his successor, pitched very well during the remaining eight innings, limiting the boys from collegetown to four scattered bingles. Norm Sweet, the starting pitcher for Williamstown, was followed on the hill by Jack Chesbro and Joe DeMayo. Hitting stars for Pittsfield were first baseman Don Carpenter and shortstop Eddie McMahon, who collected three hits each. Rit Arpante and Don Troy hit a home run and a triple respectively. Sweet collected two of Williamstown's five hits.



1948 TRACK TEAM

Front Row—Principe, Romasco, Maloney, Cataldo, Barris, Mazzer, Sabato, Pettengill, Pezzini, Malo, Chadwell, Penn, Conroy, Messer.
Middle Row—Crennan, Diczno, Mancari, Tyler, Hunt, Burt, Heidel, Leonard, Flint, Barnes, Petruzella, McClelland, Moser, Biggart, Captain Carmody, Preble, Blouin, Miraglia.
Back Row—Coach Carmody, Helliwell, Dunstan, Rocca, R. Hunt, Williams, Jacques, Gilson, Horgan, Fiorini, J. Hunt, A. Sleeper, C. Sleeper, Carley, Kordana, Murphy, Evans, Politis, Manager Bartlett.

P. H. S. BREAKS EVEN IN TRACK

By James Dillon

Pittsfield High's track squad journeyed to Berkshire Prep School on May 10, and came back on the lean end of a $66\frac{1}{2}$ - $37\frac{1}{2}$ score. Although the boys didn't win this one, Coach Carmody certainly must have been gratified with the performance of big Johnny Perrone, the football fullback. John was one of the Purple's five first place winners—coming out ahead in the 100-yard dash. Other P. H. S. winners were Jimmy Hunt, the high jump; Horace Williams, the broad jump; George Flint, the shot; and Dom Diczno, the javelin. Ike Petruzella took a

second and third in the javelin and high jump, respectively.

On May 17 at North Adams, the Carmody men turned the tables as they rang up a $61\frac{1}{3}$ to $42\frac{2}{3}$ victory over Drury High. The same names of Perrone, Williams, Diczno, and Flint were in the first place column, but this time there were five other firsts. Perrone, in addition to copping the 100 yard, took the 220. Other winners were Petruzella, the discus; James McClelland, the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; Wayne Carley, the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; and a newcomer, Francis McMahon, the high jump. Karl Tyler, for the second straight meet, ran well in the mile, but was nosed out by Drury's ace miler, Bill Privy.

THE P. H. S. RIFLE CLUB

By Jay M. Gardner

A new club this year was the Rifle Club. Started in the latter part of February, the club trained at the G.E.A.A. Rifle Club range under the instruction of Herbert P. Henderson, John A. Groves, George Russell, Arthur R. Peck, Milton Howe, and Harold Endicott, who are members of the G.E.A.A. Rifle Club. After six weeks of instruction were completed, the P. H. S. Club went to the seventeenth annual small bore rifle meet of the Connecticut State Rifle and Revolver Society at New Haven where fifteen of the eighteen club members received medals for their scores.

Soon the P. H. S. Rifle Club was granted a junior club charter by the National Rifle Association of America, and Carmen C. Massimiano was appointed instructor.

Officers of the club are Charles Brownlee, president; Harry Hovey, vice-president; Jack Getchell, executive officer; Carl K. Lunde, secretary; and Martin Herbert, treasurer.

As yet the rifle club has not participated in any other meets, but the members are practicing every Friday night at the G.E.A.A. Rifle Club range, and they hope to get off to a good start next September.

GYM DEMONSTRATION

The 1948 Gym Demonstration was a huge success. If you didn't see it, you've missed colorful entertainment.

The girls danced in costumes symbolic of some of our different holidays, such as the Fourth of July—March done in the pennant colors—traditional hearts for Valentine's Day—Halloween and its eerie ghosts and skeletons—and Circus Day with its tumbling clowns and a roller-skate dance done by the fairy tale characters, the three bears.

Displaying their muscles, skill, and coordination, the boys went through tumbling, heavy apparatus, high bar, box, horse, parallel bars and Indian clubs.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Gloria Di Pietro

WATERY NOTES

As a senior's life is a busy one, only juniors and sophomores were left to compete by the time the P. H. S. girls' swimming meet rolled around. The Boys' Club pool was the scene of the exciting contest.

The first event, form swimming, was won by the tenth grade—Marion Felton, Betty Hynes, Theresa Malumphy and Ann Meagher.

Judy Milne (S) placed first in the 25-yard freestyle; Nancy Knoblock (J), second; Betty McAnany (S), third.

Ann Vaughan won the running front jack and an optional event with a thrilling blackjack for first place honors in diving. (Ann's basketball themesong is appropriate for her backjacks too. She missed the diving board by less than an inch!), Barbara Sultaire (S) won the running front for second place, and Barbara May (J) came in third.

In the 25-yard backstroke, Nancy Knoblock (J) took first; Rita Wolfe (J), second; Ann Meagher (S), third.

Excitement mounted as Judy Milne (S) won the 25-yard breast stroke; Mary Lynch (J), second; Katherine Thompson (S), third.

The score was now 22-18, sophomores topside. The next and last event, the 100-yard relay, was it because it counted for five points, just enough for a 23-22 junior win! However, the determined tenth graders weren't going to be beaten. Sophomore Marcia Viale took an early lead in the first lap, and her teammates, Janet Cornelius, Ruth Thompson, and Barbara Sultaire, kept it up, coming home about a foot and a half ahead of the juniors!

The score—sophomores 27, juniors 18.

Officials for the meet were Miss Ruth Nicholson, Mrs. James Keegan, the girls' coach, and Miss Jean Morgan.



**BOWLING
CHAMPIONS**
Standing: Mary Ellen
Hill
Seated: Mary Lynch,
Betty Bianchi, Pa-
tricia Ploss

TEN PIN ALLEY

For the second successive year, the Pin-boy's Delight Bowling Team has taken the team tournament held at the Pastime Alleys.

Had it not been for experienced Betty Bianchi, the second place Yankees might have had a chance, but Betty's singles of 111 and 97 deflated the high competitive spirit the Yanks started out with. Betty, Virginia Gilbert, Ella Diczenco, Marion De Long and Joanne Sukel were the winners!

Josie De Cario led the Yankees with sin-

gles of 100 and 77. Josie's teammates were: Pinky (Yankee FAN) Zaccari, Mary Grosso, Josephine Palmieri and Rose (cannon ball) Di Fillipo. Mary Ellen Hill of the Pin-Up Girls, and Eleanor Haskell of the Fighting Devils led the two other competing teams.

The scoring in the individual tournament, held a week later, was not high. It was an off day for most of the girls. First place honors went to Betty Bianchi, 97-99. Second place was taken by Mary Ellen Hill, 98-73. Patricia Ploss, 87-85, and Mary Lynch 90-82, tied for third.



By Ella Diczenco and Barbara Rose

Russell Bousquet was re-elected president of Beta Sigma Chi fraternity at Bryant College in Providence, Rhode Island. Russell is studying business administration and is an active member of the Students' Activities Council, the Business Administration Society and the Greek Letter Council.

Joseph Bolster, who was recently discharged from the Army, is now attending Seton Hall College in South Orange, New Jersey.

Anita Camilli and Catherine Patterson are classmates at Mt. Holyoke College. They are both seniors.

Anita Paduano was recently initiated into the Mu Delta Alpha society for high ranking Spanish students. She is majoring in Spanish at Alabama College at Montevallo, Ala.

Gildo De Fazio, class of '47, is now studying at the Boston Music School.

Henrietta Herman, class of '47, was on the President's Honor Roll at the American International College for the first semester.

Lois Youngs, a graduate of the class of '44, is doing well in her senior year at Bates College, Maine. She was recently appointed an assistant to the Professor of Philosophy.

Robert Prendergast, class of '46, is a student at Seton College, New Jersey.

Robert L. Davis '45, has been named to the dean's list at the College of Applied Science at Syracuse University.

Roger C. Gilcrest, class of '41, has been initiated a member of the Phi Epsilon Phi fraternity at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., where he is studying electrical engineering.

Joseph Galli '45, is now playing ball with the Quebec Alouettes of the Canadian American League. This is Joe's second year with the team.

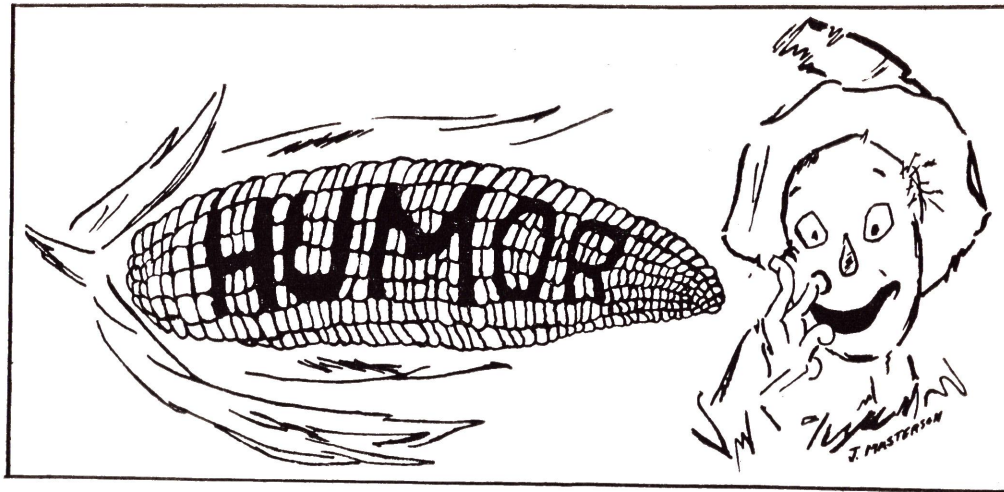
Evelyn Seagrave '46, is continuing her dramatic career. She was a member of the cast of the play recently presented by the Drama Club of the New England Conservatory of Music. She is majoring in voice at the school.

Athena Giftos '46, has recently been appointed proctor at Bates College where she is in her sophomore year.

Donald E. Debacher, '47, has been initiated into membership in the Rensselaer Society of Engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York, where he is studying chemical engineering.

John W. Dallmeyer, Jr., class of '41, has been initiated a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he is studying chemical engineering.

Philip J. Horgan, class of '43, has been initiated a member of Pi Tau Sigma, national honorary society for mechanical engineers at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.



Playing pranks will get you nowhere. Suppose you put a tack on someone's chair. The next period he puts one on your chair. So there you are. Where does it get you—in the end?

Miss Daly to pupil reading newspaper: Has that anything to do with Spanish?

Bob Christensen: Well, it's the *Daily News*.

Selma Garbowit: Do you know what golden vegetable soup is?

Rhoda Weiss: No. What is it?

Selma: Fourteen carrots.

Miss Kaliher: Here's an easy question. Can anyone tell me what the richest country in the world is?

Jimmy Burns: Ireland—their capital is always Dublin.

Two men teachers were talking about the smoking in the boys' rooms. One of them was heard to say: "Yes, I caught a fellow once. I think it was back in 1939."

Walt Creer: Why don't you peel that banana before you eat it?

Bruce Connor: Why should I—I know what's inside!

What the well dressed driving student will have on this summer when she goes for a ride: the emergency brake.

Miss Davison: How does a flower protect itself?

Ben Ethier: By its pistol.

S. J. Deckert: I fell off a house last week and was knocked senseless.

Verne Goodwin: When do you expect to get better?

Joe Handler says he'd gladly trade the new look for the old glance.

"You know," said the sophomore, "when I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they took all of that out of me and now I'm one of the best fellows in the school."

Irate Father: Look here, daughter, I don't like the way you and Bill hang over the front gate every evening.

Girl Jr.: Well, father, there's a lot to be said on both sides.

For the benefit of those who will miss the Humor Column during the summer, (there must be *someone*!) don't feel too bad—fresh corn will be on the market next month.

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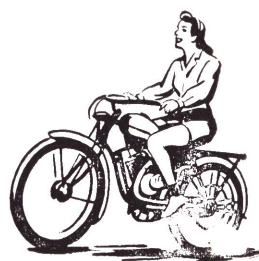
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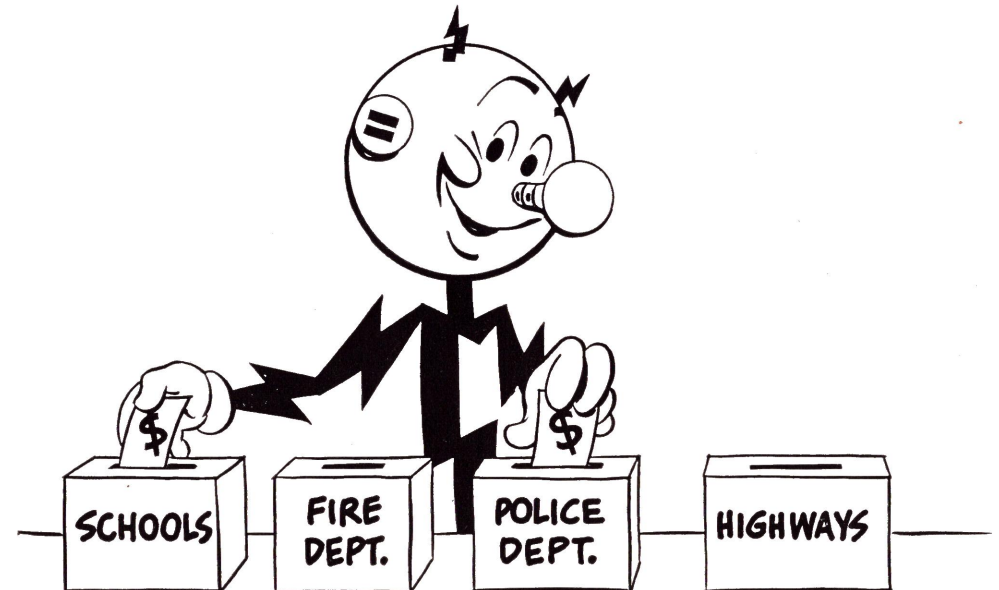
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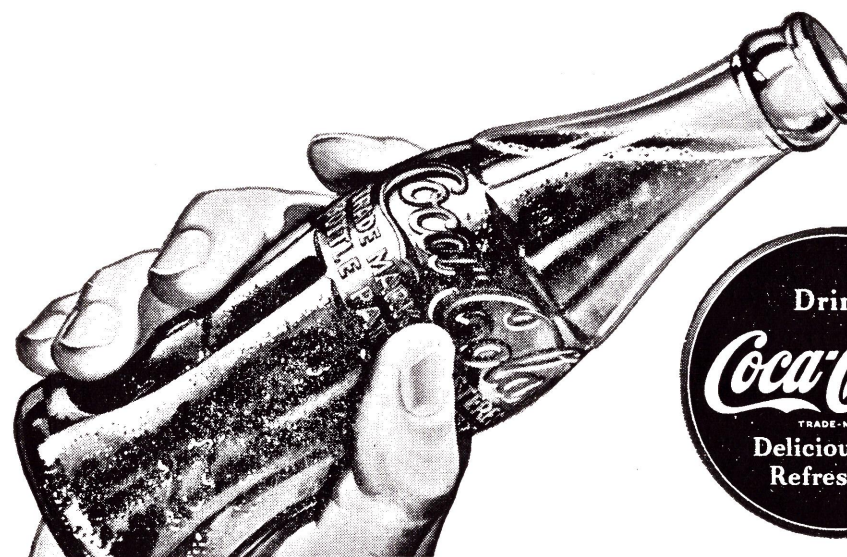
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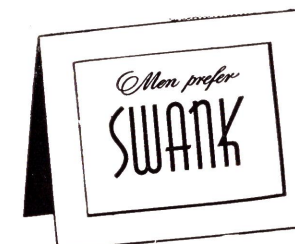


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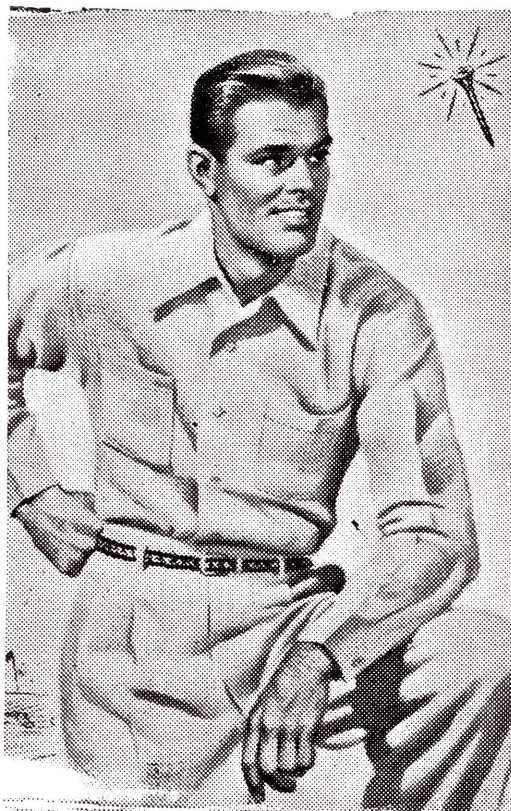
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May We Add Our Congratulations?



Sincerely, we compliment you on your attainment; most cordially wish you success in your plans for the future. Some of you have now completed your high school course and will go on to college -- others of you are moving forward in your high school course. You are striving to reach your GOAL!

But can YOU say that in connection with your money matters? Are you attaining your goal in your finances? An excellent way to do a praiseworthy job in saving money is to save regularly . . . a little each week in a Savings Account. Start now . . . we'd like to help you get started on your saving program right away.

*We are an old institution that
welcomes Young People*

**BERKSHIRE
SAVINGS**



THE BUSY BANK AT THE BUSY CORNER

**COUNTY
BANK**

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

STUDENT'S PEN



June
1948